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A STUDENT NEWSPAPER
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MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE
OF ART

EDITOR

The ideal function of the Massachusetts College of Art Student Newspaper should be as a vehicle for voicing student opinion and as a gallery for student work, literary and graphic. However, this opportunity is scarcely being used. Student contributions have been few, making the production of an interesting, diversified edition extremely difficult. I have chosen to organize the paper with only the basic staff needed for production: our aim is to offer the widest avenues of contribution to the student body. Perhaps a clarification of specific areas of need is in order and students can then apply themselves and their own talents to help MCA into an effective and enjoyable publication.

Many policies and courses which touch the student are being discussed in the Coun-

cils and Committees of Mass. Art. Any reporting on these or other administrative functionings would be appreciated. The decisions of these committees affect your life at Mass. Art so please voice your opinion. The paper also welcomes any student or group who wishes to use MCA as an outlet for student proposals to administration.

Especially needed are original writings, stories, poems, or special interest re-prints (be sure to get permission from the source.) Many literary works are being produced at Mass. Art and MCA welcomes any writing of this type. Information on current events and reviews of all sorts will be valuable to inform the student body on happenings around the city.

We hope to provide space for a Wants and Needs service for students and com-

munity. Information on special skills or job openings should be submitted for publication. Announcements of or participation in any special student projects (i.e. events, theatre, exhibitions, etc.) should be an exciting use of the newspaper's unique situation.

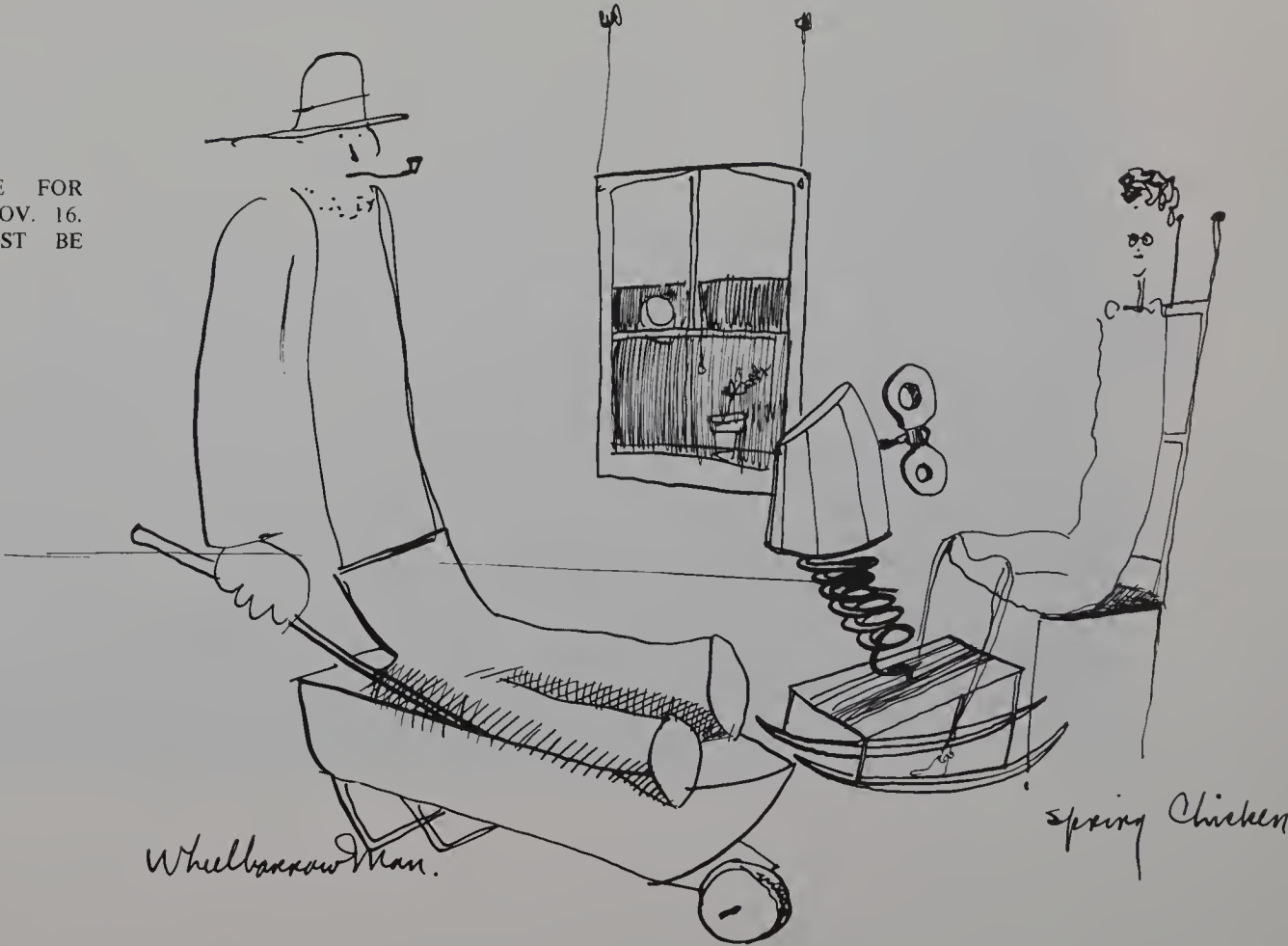
MCA also looks forward to comments and rebuttal on any material previously printed in the paper. Critiques of content, format, art or policy will aid the staff in aligning itself to the needs of the student body. Please exercise your option to contribute and make your feelings known. The newspaper can present, test, expand and initiate your ideas. We can all benefit from our collective knowledge.

Bob Gould

COPY??

THE NEXT DEADLINE FOR
NEWSPAPER COPY IS NOV. 16.
ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST BE
TYPED.

when
yer life . . . is ruled
by fear
and
you cling
to this small necessity
in some
excess
a handgun
on the wall
stuffed . . . festering sore
and
you find
it's empty case
satin
stolen
by that
daring refugee
of the lost isle of lesbos
who
in it's open-minded way
now combs
the interior
slaughtering
the children of the hills



Theatre Piece : How the Wheelbarrow man entertained the
Spring Chicken One Night

New York - Before Illusions Wake

The sunrise face of this city
is not round and bright like
an open-eyed babe chortling
in the mom at her mother’s breast.

No.

It is the hungry child,
shaking at his crib
kna^wing at the wooden bars
and screaming for some food.
And it is the grown-up
hungry child, too,
who clutches at the garbage
can not caring
what he calls food
having forgotten the roots
of the word good.

And it is the old aged
starving child with worn out
face and dying eyes
and only age 45
(but looking 145
but not good)
(it’s a rotten 145 and not
a truly aged and wisely
saged 145).

And it’s the hungry
hungry hungry
silent adolesceⁿt
here whose skin is smooth
and tight and mostly
brown and smelling
fine - only a hint of spoiling,
only a trace -
and his silence cries
so loud
because he is the most alive
in this screaming town
and he is still begging
his mother not to
put him down
not to put him down.

kathy
6/26/71

gold key
fits
silver lock
cock crows in the morning
fair maiden
madonna of the past
bears witness
child
a wanton offering
to a wilderness of hate
and opression
spawn of satan
satan’s pawn
nursed
at the foot of astaroth

B. I. Doliber

there is no reality
in today
nor any coming
tomorrow
except
in the few moments
when one merges with
the rusted iron
tightened bolts
ancient headlights
the few moments
fail to justify . . . the day
the week
herein lies a gap
obvious abyss
the incompleteness of solitude

when you know the beauty of life
and
the joy of living
(one weekend a month)

B. I. Doliber

The dark, swirling shadows
of past deliriums
Seep once more
to the core of my existence.
The clear, but distant image
of immortality.
Awaits!
But only for those who strive for
strive for perfection.
With this in mind,
I desire the sweet and
everlasting peace of death
and the voice of Insanity
whispers a harsh, but
intoxicating shriek of
acceptance.

B. H.



“clik”

“

“clik”

“ . . . remaining members of the surviving
species were located yesterday by a team
of Princeton engineers. “Hell, it was easy,”
joked Dr. James Newell, head of the pro-
ject, “Did it on a bet. Always knew some
of the little buggers were still out there —
a little math, a few geological surveys —
no sweat at all. Fantastic what you can do
with one of these babies . . . hell, nothing
to it.” “One of these babies’ apparently
being a reference to the new XL 12 com-
puters recently developed by Dr. Newell
and his staff in their Princeton . . .”

“ . . . those lucky and wealthy
enough to purchase the rights were
loaded into specially prepared heli-
copters and, equipped with high-
powered rifles of the type once
used by “big-game” hunters on
African “safaries”, flown by re-
mote control to the refugees of the
unsuspecting animals. Over “victory”
beers, the regrouped adventurers
later spoke of the beauty and thrill
of the kill, one describing in great
detail the incredible excitement he
had experienced when, turning to
flee from the rapidly approaching
chopper, a frightened squirrel gave
him a thirty-two foot “run for his
money” — “I couldn’t believe it,”
he said, “I just couldn’t believe it,
I mean, I thought things like that
were only in books and stuff, ya
know. I just couldn’t believe it was
actually happening to me, I mean
I just couldn’t believe it. . . one of
the docs here tells me that the little
bastard got about thirty feet, too.
What a fight he put up! I mean, that
squirrel cost me twelve thousand
dollars, but goddammit, it was worth
every penny of it, ‘coz I finally got
‘im, goddammit, and I got ‘im good. .”

“ . . . the killings were, in fact, completely
accomplished by electronic means, a group
of radar scanning devices detecting the flee-
ing figures and automatically locking into
place the sights of the swivel-mounted rifles,
an electric beam hookup setting off the ac-
tual firing. In each case only one projectile
was fired, and these in such a way as not to
cause immediate death but to instead shatter
sections of the animals’ spinal cords — this
for the benefit of the television networks
who, winning in the bidding that had been
taking place for weeks beforehand, were
present during the proceedings, taping and
filming the death agonies of the . . .”

“ . . . we let them guys go up there just
to give it more of a human thing, ya
know? Give the public somethin’ to
identify with. If we hadn’t, we’d a
had a lot o’ them bleedin’ hearts types
on our necks an’ everything, ya know?
So we let them guys go along, sorta
just for the ride — an’ they paid for it
too, paid more than it was worth if ya
ask me — but they got what they was
lookin’ for an’ there’s some talk about
lettin’ ‘em have the bodies for trophies,
but they really didn’t do nothin’ — all
done clean, electronics, ya know.
Them guys couldn’t a done much more
than watch, maybe put their hands on
the barrels o’ the guns . . . that’s about
it . . .”

A Baby and a Seed

I used to say,
“Where ya goin’, Daddy?”
And he’d reply,
“ . . . to get some candy for the baby.”
I’d say, “Why.”
and think, “We have no baby, silly Dad!
You always say that.
I wish I knew
where you are goin’ —
I’d go there too!”

I used to say,
“Got sumpin’ for ya, Mommy!”
(with sumpin’ behind my back in
both hands)
and When Mom’d ask, “What is it Hon?”
(facing her cooking, and only half looking)
I’d fill the room with dandelions’ seeds
with one quick pushed-out puff
from my anxious buldging cheeks.

But now it’s, “Father, when will we
ever get to know one another
although I’ve gone my own way?”
And,
“Dear Mother, I love you so.
Can you ever know me without my flowers?”

kathy
1 June 1971

“ . . . revealed that while watching the live
telecast, many viewers admitted to having
erections and/or orgasms during the slow mo-
tion showings of the animals’ final seconds,
while others apparently went in to what can
only be described as convulsions and fits of
a sort . . . all, however, expressed a certain
hilarity and feeling of joy that they . . .”

“ . . . later reported that a small group
of nuns residing in an obscure Spanish
convent avowedly had visions involv-
ing Jesus and the Virgin Mother while
witnessing the hunt . . . details are, as
of yet, unavailable, as the sisters have
been called to the Vatican for a special
. . .”

“ . . . it was just amazing! George and I were
just sitting there watching and he just tore
his clothes off and lunged at me! He hasn’t
acted like that since we were just going out
together! Just like one of those animals, and
with the kids right there and everything!
Well, I couldn’t . . .”

“ . . . yes, all in all, I would agree with
Dr. Hammersong that the cause of
death was not, as is popularly believed,
the disjunction of the third and fourth
columnar vertebrae, but, rather, and I
believe that more extensive examina-
tion of the skeletal remains would bear
me out on this, the fourth and fifth. In
any case, I . . .”

“ . . . it was exciting . . . it was entertaining . . .
I know I enjoyed it immensely, as did my
friends and family . . .”

“ . . . well, just everybody’s talking
about it! Just everybody! All the girls
in the office . . . you want to know
what I did when I saw it? You want to
know? Well, I just wet my panties
clear through! And I’m not in the
least bit ashamed to stand right here
and . . .”

“ . . . now playing, “The Great Hunt” . . .
you’ll thrill to the awe-inspiring spectacle of
the last of nature’s children fleeing from the
blazing guns of men who’d gone halfway
through hell and back to . . .
Witness the dramatic “last stand of the ani-
mal world” as . . .

Stare, if you can, into the eyes of the fero-
cious, half-crazed North American chipmunk
as he . . .

“The Great Hunt”, now playing at Savoy-
Bond Theatres.
Rated G . . .”

eric liberty kimball
'71



Yellow flower high above me
As yellow as the grinning sea
I lie and watch you up above
looking down upon my love
Can you hear the turntable move?
Has it skipped out of its groove?
What am I doing back here in 71?
Why aren’t people having fun?
I thought these were the ‘good ole days’
Has the yellow flower lost its way?
Yellow flower high above me
As yellow as one day I’ll be
I lie and watch you cook the dove
Who’s flying all around my love
Can you feel the table move?
Can’t you see you’re going to lose?
What am I doing back here in the past?
Why must our lives go by so fast?

Cheeks all puckered in between
Tears are life and life’s a dream
You listen to the water run
Don’t think of what it’s running from
Bed posts sway under the stars
Use make-up to cover your scars
Smile at the face that watches you shave
Cry for the soul that you won’t save
Think of the reasons one by one
Of why you should have all the fun
And justify it isn’t hard
Until your mind’s forever barred
From the truth that strains to kick
Out from under you the stick
Watch it closely see it sink
But not before your final drink
And when your eyes are full of tears
You STILL won’t know you’ve wasted years
Smile at the face that watches you shave
You’ll be so handsome in your grave.

D, A. Cupcake



WAK

Goober the Woodnymph

by Richard Heath

